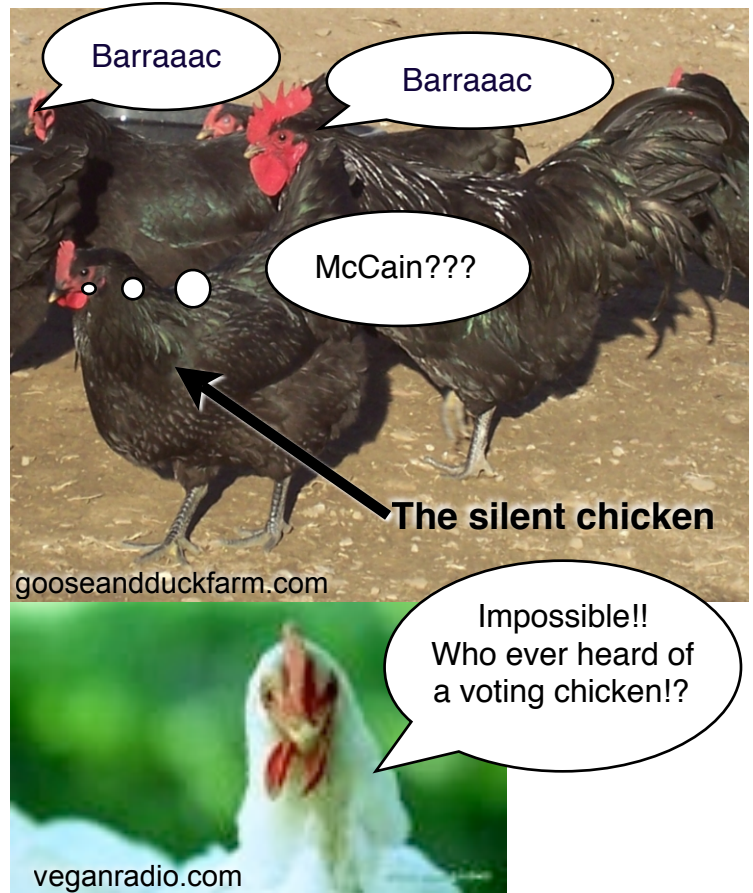


## Chickens Vote!?

by John W.

I didn't know that chickens could vote until they reached maturity. But every time we'd come outside to do something, our chickens had something to say about it. During the election, they had something extraordinary to say. When we came outside during the election, they said "Barraaack." All of them seemed to say the same thing to say. However, one chicken never said a word. We think that she may have secretly been voting for McCain. She probably wanted to keep a low profile because if that chicken said who she was voting for, she would most likely get a hard peck in the noggin from the "barraaacking" chickens. I guess sometimes it's best to keep your politics private so you don't upset your fellow chickens. Chickens must be smarter than some people think – at least that one was.



## Unexplainable

By Margaret C.

I emerged from my room this morning, thinking about the events the day before. But I could barely think because of my throbbing head. The bump I had received from the odd occurrences of the day before was annoying me so much! Maybe I could get my parents to let me stay home from school, but no, they said I had to go. But, unusually, once I got to school, I was by myself, quiet, and solitary. I had some time to think. The odd events that I had mentioned before were exactly as I have said... odd. I still don't understand them, but I will tell you what I remember.

I was running, running from it. Whatever IT was, it wanted me. Why, I didn't know. I looked behind me, and... BOOM!!!! I crashed into a tree. That's where the bump came from. Right before I passed out, I felt warm arms around my body. The next time I remember regaining consciousness, I was in a dark, damp room with a musky smell. I felt a cool cloth over my forehead, over the bump. The creature was cooing from deep in its throat. It was just trying to help me.

Whatever it was, I can't explain it, and maybe I never will.

## Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> By Dani W.

One Friday the 13th in the cafeteria, Bob was eating a turkey & cheese sandwich. The cheese slid off onto his lunch box.

"I don't eat stuff off of my lunch box." He said. "My mom says it's unsanitary." He was known for having a VERY snooty mom.

"I'll eat it!" Jeff said, grabbing the cheese. He took a bite.

There was a big poof and the smell of cheap perfume as the special effects guy walked away. Jeff was gone, and in his place was - can you guess? - a piece of fried chicken!

"Told you it's unsanitary!" Bob said smugly. They all looked at him as if to say you really think that's the real reason Jeff is fried chicken?

Just then, Shirley, a kid even snootier than Jeff's mom, walked over.

"I have special gourmet cheese for cool people!" She said in her high and annoying voice.

She bit into her cheese dramatically. Then there was the poof, smell of cheap perfume, and disappearance of the special effects guy. Shirley had become a piece of fried chicken!

"I have come to a conclusion," a boy named Paul said. "eating cheese on Friday the 13th turns you into fried chicken."